Enter Montague, with Drum and Soldiors.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for *Lancaſter.*

Edw. Traiterous *Montague*, thou and thy brother
Shall deerely abide this rebellious acte. *Exit.*

Enter Clarence with Drum and Soldiors.

War. And loe where *George* of *Clarence* ſweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.

Cla. *Clarence, Clarence*, for *Lancaſter.*

Edw. *Et tu Brute*, wilt thou ſtab *Cæſar* too?
A parlie ſirra, to *George of Clarence.*

Sound a parlie, and Richard and Clarence whiſpers together, and then Clarence takes his red Roſe out of his Hat, & throwes it at Warwick.

War. Come *Clarence*, come, thou wilt if *Warwicke* call.

Cla. Father of Warwicke, know you what this meanes?
I throw mine infamy at thee,
I will not ruinate my fathers houſe,
(Who gaue his blood to lime the ſtones together)
And ſet vp Lancaſter. Thinkeſt thou,
That Clarence is ſo harſh vnnaturall,
To lift his ſword againſt his brothers life,
And ſo proud hearted Warwicke I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my bluſhing cheekes,
Pardon me *Edward*, for I haue done amiſſe,
And *Richard* do not frowne vpon me.
For henceforth I will proue no more vnconſtant.

Edw. Welcome *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſeru'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherly.

War. Oh paſſing traitor, periur'd and vniuſt.

Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou leaue
The towne and fight? or ſhall we beate the
Stones about thine eares?

War. Why I am not coopt vp heere for defence,
I will away to *Barnet* preſently,

And

And bid thee battaile, *Edward* if th
Edw. Yes *Warwicke* he dares, and
Lords to the field, Saint *George* and

Alarmes, and then enter War

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to m
And tell me who is victor, *Yorke* or
Why aske I that? my mangled bo
That I muſt yeeld my body to the e
And by my fall the conqueſt to my
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes e
Whoſe armes gaue ſhelter to the p
Vnder whoſe ſhade the rampant L
Whoſe top branch ouer-peerd *Iou*
The wrinckles in my browes now
Were likened oft to kingly ſepulch
For who liu'd king, but I could dig
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwic*
Loe now my glory ſmeard in duſt
My parkes, my walkes, my manno
Euen now forſake me, and of all m
Is nothing left me but my bodies l

Enter Oxford and So

Oxf. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, ch
For yet there's hope enough to wi
Our warlike Queene with troopes
And at *South-hampton* landed all he
And mightſt thou liue, then would

War. Why then I would not flie,
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt yeeld t
For many wounds receiu'd, and ma
Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſinewes
And ſpite of ſpites needs muſt I ye

Som. Thy brother *Montague* hat

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH